

THE
PATRIOTS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN:
A
Congratulatory Poem
TO

Those Truly Noble and Illustrious PEERS who hap-
pily United the Two Kingdoms of ENGLAND
and SCOTLAND, under the Auspicious
Government of Her most Sacred Majesty Queen
ANNE, &c.

An melius per te virtutum exempla petemus.
Ov. ad Liv.
--- *Hunc ardens evexit ad æthera Virtus.*
Virg. Æn. l. 6.

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PATRIOTS

GREAT BRITAIN

Congressional Poem

TO

These Three Noble and illustrious PEERS who have
been elected the two Kings of the NEW AND
OLD SCOTLAND under the auspices
Government of Her most Gracious Majesty Queen
VICTORIA

A volume for the numerous examples
of the
— that have been of other
Vig. Ann. 16

LONDON

Printed by R. and sold by J. Rogers, near St. James's
Hall, 1871

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

T Here are *Two Qualifications* requisite in Men that are of great Power to advance a Nation, saith Cicero, to Wealth and Prosperity, which are Good Commanders and Good Orators; these Two we have most exquisitely United in the Accomplishments of our most Noble Patriots, maximus ille armis, maximus ille toga; can any pretend to greater Reason and Council, to more Eloquence and Oratory, than they who perswade Two Discording Kingdoms, after a Hundred Tears vain Endeavours, to shake Hands together, bespeak them to Unite without using any other Powers than those of Interest and Reason?

Thus our Wise Patriots become the Heart and Hand of our Happiness, and their prudent Actions are the Wings that carry their Excellence to a Height of Vertue we adore: Our Good Orators Perswade us, and our Good Commanders Rule us with such Efficacy of Speech, and such uncontrollable Authority, that the Muse who sings not their Stupendious Worth must needs be senseless. Our Duty then Dictates to us our Patriots Encomium, which in Magnifying this Subject we know to be such as neither Modesty nor Ignorance can make Apology for Silence. When our Clio sees all our Discord reduc'd into Harmony, who will not expect her Applauses to the Skilful, Kind Composer. The greater our Obligation to our Patriots is, the greater will be the Ingratitude of not acknowledging it. There is none of us all, I hope, whose Lives and Fortunes are by this Free Goodness of theirs secured the better to us, that will grudge the Poor Tribute of a Song for such a Blessing.

My

To the Reader.

My Ambition will be excuseable here from the Example set us by that Great Monarch Cyrus, whose End and Aim was always for the Delight and Advantage of the Virtuons; to please which, both with what cou'd not be afforded from my own Fancy, I have endeavour'd to supply from the best of the Latin Poets, who have been the Honour and Glory of many Ages.

Descende Cœlo, & dic age tibia

Regina longum Calliope Melos,

Seu voce nunc mavis acuta!

Seu fidibus Citharave Phœbi.

Hor. lib. 3. Ode 4.

THE

THE PATRIOTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A
Congratulatory Poem, &c.

Prologue to the Queen.

HOW shall (a) my *Muse* express thy Pow'r or Praise,
Whose Godlike (b) Gifts are Crowns, and Peaceful Days,
While our weak Eyes delude our weaker Sense,
To view a Mortal with (c) Omnipotence?
How cou'dst thou else, when (d) *Discord* had o'erspread
This *Isle*, couch it in its own proper Bed?

How cou'dst thou make a Paradise appear,
Where such *Dissentions* had possess'd the Sphere?

B

Restore

(a) Ex quo te Carmine dicam?

Virg. Georg. l. 2.

Quibus Cælo tu laudibus æquem?

Virg. Æ. l. 11.

Ultinam modo dicere possem

Carmina digna. Ovid. Met. lib. 3. f. 6.

(b) Sopitos ignes Anna regniq, Coronam

Cum Sceptro tribuit. Virg. Æ. l. 8.

(c) Mente deos adiit. Ovid. Met. l. 5. r. 2.

Chara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.

Vir. Ed. 4.

(d) Furor impius intus

Sava sedit super arma, & centum victus abenis

Post tergum Nodis.

Lucan. l. 7.

Restore that (a) *Sun* and *Moon* again, whose *Light*
Give us *Day* now, and over-rules our *Night*.

How cou'd'st thou make each (b) *Disagreeing Beast*,
Trust their own *Safety* in each other's *Breast*?

How cou'd'st thou (c) *Flagrant Mischief* overawe,
And calmly make it yield to *Nature's Law*?

When stubborn Nations jarr'd with mutual *Spite*,
'Twas then thou shone with a (d) *Diviner Light*,
And then inspir'd the (e) *People* to *Unite*.

Treaties of Old refus'd thou did'st *Renew*,
And *Perfected*, to show what you can do.

When *Beauty* had no *Form*, and *Form* no *Sire*,

Nor *Waters* felt the quickning *Force* of *Fire* ;
As the first (f) *Chaos* at th' Almighty *Call*,

So at your *Nod* *Subjection* fell on all :

Your *Sword* hanging its *Head* down, seem'd to low'r ;

And droop'd to find your (g) *Word* of greater *Power* ;

His *Judgment* must from all *Offence* be free,

That gives thy *Maker's Image* unto (h) *thee*.

(a) *Disco citius tumida æquora placat,
Collectaq; fugat nubes, solemq; reducit.*

Virg. Æn. l. 1.

(b) *cum canibus timidi veniunt a Pocula damæ.*

Vir. Ecl. 8.

*Ipse licet videas, cavea fabulamur in una,
Et pariter socias carpit uterq; dapes.*

Mart. l. 9. Ep. 72.

(c) *Quem flagitat.*

*Virtutem Virtus, finis Civilibus armis,
Quem quæsitis adest.*

Lucan. l. 7.

(d) *Patim divinæ mentis & haustus.*

Æthereas dixere.

Virg. Georg. l. 4.

(e) *O fortunatæ Gentes,*

*Quæ nos fortuna quietos
Sollicitat, suadetq; ignota laceßere bella?*

Virg. Æn. l. 11.

(f) *Sic chaos ex illa naturæ mole priores*

Digestum partes scimus habere suos.

Ovid. de Pont. l. 4. Ec. 8.

(g) *Signa ego*

& arma

Militibus sine cæde, disceptata vide.

Hor. lib. 3. Od. 5.

(h) *Jovis inclita Proles.*

Ovid. Met. l. 9. Fa.

We are amaz'd at this strange (a) Act of thine,
 This Union looks so like a Work Divine.
 What shall we say? By making of us One,
 You've fix'd upon your Head a Triple Crown;
 The Glory of Ten Crowns is all too vain,
 As a Reward to offer such a (b) Sovereign.
 For Virtue 'tis makes her great Fame and Worth,
 The Widow's Oyl encrease by pouring forth:
 (c) A Torrent thus in Winter that does flow,
 O'er Trees and Hills in Summer, runs below;
 The higher led by Fortune ANNA gets,
 Her Goodness ev'rywhere the more remits.
 Then let us (d) think on thee, while we (e) Suppress
 Our Words, for Speaking will but make thee (f) Less:
 Fathom the (g) Ocean, and what we find
 Boundless, cannot by Measures be confin'd;
 Tho' after you with Phæbus Light we run,
 We must not think to (h) overtake the Sun,
 While with its Light it opens our Eyes thus,
 The (i) Brightness as we view it (k) dazzles us.

(a) *Cæsar*

(a) ——— Dat Anna Britannis,
 Mentis majora fideq;
 Munera. *Ovid. Met. l. 13. Fab. 4.*

(b) Quanto quisq; sibi plura negaverit
 A diis plura feret. *Hor. l. 3. Ode 16.*

(c) Sic ego torrentem, qua nil obstat eunti
 Lenius, & modico, strepitu decurrere vidi.

(d) Satis laudar quitacet.

(e) Laus est non facere quod facere non possumus. *Lat. 63.*

(f) ——— Grates persolvere dignas
 Non opis est nostræ. *Verg. Æn. l. 1.*

(g) Oceani fluctus me numerare jubes. *Mart. l. 6. Ep. 34.*

(h) Sunt mihi quæ valeant in talia pondera Vires?
 Et animos certe vestros sensuros honores? *Lib. 13. Fab. 1.*

(i) Parte sui meliore viger, majoresq; videtur
 Cœpit, & augusta fieri gravitate verendus: *Ovid. M. l. 9. f. 4.*

(k) Mutat nocte diem, radijsq; potentibus æstra
 Sol vetat ire. *Lucan. l. 10.*

(a) *Cæsar* and *Alexander*, both these were
 Too weak to bear up mighty *Atlas's Sphere*;
 Tho' *Wolves* and *Vultures* as their *Ensigns* stood,
 And *Mars* his *Altars* swum with *Humane* (b) *Blood*;
 But *Goodness* tunes *Amphion's* *Musick* here,
 And (c) charms *Obedience* from each list'ning *Ear*;
 Where *Realms* are taught by *Victories* to *Unite*,
 And grow in *Love* as they encrease in *Might*.
 For *Marlborough* Conquers not to *Gain*, but *Give*,
 And (d) force outrageous Men in *Peace* to *Live*.
 Whoe'er *Desires* must be in *Want*, not he,
 Who seeks to set *Mankind* at *Liberty*;
 His *Stream* runs to the *Spring*, and pays its *Store*
 Back to the *Ocean*, that still makes it *more*.
 (e) Prince of his *Soul*, over *Dominion* *Reigns*,
 While *Virtue* like a *Monarch* he maintains,
 And Fetters her with no *Inglorious* *Chains*.
Honour and *She* no *Costly* *Robes* assume,
 But what from *Great* and *Glorious* *Actions* come;
 Such as may show each is a *Deity*,
 And Paint new *Scenes* of *Triumph* in the *Sky*.

The Duke of
Marlborough.

(a) *Eleſtra*

- (a) Hi non implerunt cupientes omnia mentes
 Quicquid fodit Iber, quicquid Tagus expulit auri
 Quodq; legit dives summis Arimæspus arenis.
 Ut raptant, parvo scelus hoc vixisse peitabunt
 Fortunam superosq; suos, in sanguine cernunt. *Lucan. l. 7.*
- (b) Cæsar in arma furens nullas sume sanguine fuso
 Gaudere habere vias. *Lucan. l. 2.*
- (c) Threicio blandius Orpheo
 Audiram modere orboribus fidem
 Ducere & rivos celeres morari. *L. 3. Ode 11.*
 Diſtos & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis
 Saxa movere ſono teſtudinis, & præce blanda
 Ducere quo vellet. *Hor. Art. Poet.*
- (d) Non putat in victos ſævum diſtingere ferrum.
 Hic Victor vincit, victis ut parcere poſſit. *Lucan. l. 7. Ov. Pont. l. 1. El. 3.*
- (e) Ipſe es gloria martis Univerſi
 Ipſe es omnia ſolus — *Mart. l. 5. Ep. 25.*

(a) *Electra* now that has so long been fled,
 Joys to return and sit array'd in Red,
 Frighted no more with *War's* severe Command,
 Finding she's Govern'd by a (b) *gentle Hand* ;
 Where richest *Virtue* Idolizes *Fame*,
 To make a Second *Mars* of (c) *Churchill's* Name.
 Not a false *God* that from true *Pow'r* Revolts,
 And *Cyclops*-like makes their own *Thunderbolts* :
 But a true *Hero* that refrains from (d) *Blood*,
 Shows on his Image is impress'd a (e) *God*.
 Thus Nature sweetly warms Old Mother Earth,
 To give the Infant *Spring* its flowing Birth ;
 And thus does *Marlbro'* all the People (f) *move*,
 To Win the (g) *Golden Prize*, and Conquer (h) *Jove*.

But next, behold an *Orator* appears,
 Who Charms and lulls to Rest (i) *discording Fears* ;

Lord Chancellor
 of Great Bri-
 tain.

C

Such

-
- (a) *Serenity.*
 (b) *Vim temperatam Dij quoq; provehant.*
 (c) *Victorq; viros Supereminet omnes.* Hor. li. 3. Ode 4.
 Fama super æthera notus. Virg. Æn. l. 6.
 Seculi decus admirabile nostri.
 (d) *Potuit tibi vulnere nullo*
 Stare labor belli. Lucan. lib. 7.
 Lauriferos nullo comitantur vulnere Currus. Luc. l. 5.
 (e) *Præfens Divus habebitur* Hor. l. 3. Ode 5.
 Dei habet Imaginem
 Vir immenso major Virtutibus orbe. Ov. de Pont.
 (f) *Mollitq; animos & temperat iras.* Virg. Æ.
 Ducum Victor, Victor & ipse tui Mart. l. 8. Ep. 54.
 (g) *Dignus es argento, fulvo quoque dignior auro.* Ovid de Pont. l. 3. Ec. 8.
 (h) *Manibus magnum rescindere Cælum*
 Aggressi, superisq; Jovem detrudere regnis, &c. Virg. Æ. lib. 6.
 (i) *Vulgus ad arma ruit*
 Hinc cruor & cædes. Ovid. Saff. l. 6.
 Quod genus hoc hominem? quæq; hunc tam barbara morem
 Permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur arenæ
 Pella ciet, prima vetant consistere terra. Virg. Æn. l. 1.
 Imminet exitio, vir conjugis illa Mariti
 Jurida terribiles, &c. Ov. Met. lib. 1. f. 4.

Such *Sense* as shows no higher *Worth* can be
 Below the *Excellence* of (a) *Sou'reignty*;
Such Excellence where Gen'rous Duty Reigns,
 And Captive Nature keeps in *Golden Chains*;
 Where *Law* with *Reason* sweetly is imprest,
 And *Publick Goodness* swells his Noble Breast
 With *Love*, whose Flame has so Divine a *Source*,
 Mankind are *Captiv'd*, not o'er-come by *Force*.
 See how *Bright Union* (b) Sparkles in his Eyes,
 While *Opposition* Languishes and Dies,
 And like a Vapour 'fore his *Lustre* flies.
 He saw (c) *Great Britain* circled with the Sea,
 Lie (d) *Bleeding* in each Vein like *Seneca*,
 And like the Good *Samaritan* he eas'd
 His Country in the Part he found diseas'd;
Heroick Acts like these transcend above
 All *Offerings* we can make, but those of *Love*.

My Lord High
 Treasurer.

Now let us view the (e) *Rudder of the State*,
 Who o'er the *Isle* does as a Guardian Wait,
 To Stem the *Tide* against *Sinister Fate*.

Let

-
- (a) Ipse quoque æthereas meritis investus & arces
 Quo non exiguo facta labore via est. *Ov. 5. Trist.*
 Quo nihil in terris ad finem solis ab ortu
 Clarius excepto Cæsare, Mundus habet. *Ovid. Pont. l. 3.*
- (b) Videtur magnitudo animi quam splendor
 Quidem & Ornamentum Virtutum omnium. *Aristot. Eth.*
- (c) Vincit amor Patriæ. *Virg. Æn. l. 6.*
- (d) Quo, quo scelesti ruitis? Aut cur dexteris
 Aptantur ensis conditi? *Hor. Ep. 7.*
 — A nullo revocatum est pectore ferrum. *Lucan. l. 2.*
- (e) — Cui tanta Potestas.
 Concessa est? *Lucan. l. 4.*

Let us look on, and silently admire
 His Soul of Goodness, and his *Beams of Fire*;
 Which in their proper *Orbs of Virtue* move,
 To cement *Kingdoms* in the *Chains of Love*.
 Not in the *Fetters of Ignoble Oar*,
 Which *Base Men* as their *Idol-God* adore ;
 But in the *Bands of mutual Int'rest* ty'd;
Britain-like Soul and Body is ally'd.
 What wounds the distanc'd Part the *Heart must feel*;
 (a) As *Magnets* touch the *Sympathetick Steel*;
 So (b) *Orpheus* by his *Sacred Instrument*
 Did *Souls Inanimate* to *Life* present ;
 Such secret *Power* had *Harmony* to move,
 All *Nature* Danc'd one *Endless Round of Love*;
 Insensibly you thus (c) *Two Nations* wrought
 To *One*, by such a *Happy Turn of Thought* ;
 Some *Sacred Influence* did assist the *Deed*,
 To make the *Wondrous Work* so well succeed ;
 And let us know such *Blessings* are not giv'n,
 But by th' *immediate Hand* sent down from *Heav'n*.

Be Blind as *Homer*, *Muse*, but think as *Clear*,
 When thou surveys the *Caledonian Peer* :

Duke of Queens-
 bury Lord
 High Commis-
 sioner of Scot-
 land.

O

(a) Mulceat hic fygres agar, hic quoq; carmine quercus.

(b) ——— Velut ensibus ipsis. *Virg. Geor. l. 4.*
 Imperet, invito moturus mihite ferrum.

(c) ——— Minimis rerum discordia turbar. *Lucan. l. 5.*
 Pacem summa tenent. *Luc. l. 2.*

O Glorious Patriot! Whose *High Worth's* outshone
 By nothing but what thou thy self hast done,
 In Joining *Two* (a) such Kingdoms into *One*.
 First you *Perswaded* what was fit to do,
 And then (b) found Methods to effect it too;
 Unarm'd, like Brave *Lyfimachus*, you come
 To Silence (c) *Strife*, and make (d) *Dissention* Dumb;
 Our *Euthymus* you are, whose Gen'rous *Might*
 Has Conquer'd *Envy*, and done *Britain* Right.
 The Mighty *Deed* we think with Wonder such,
 That (e) *Cæsar's Power* lives only in your * *Touch*.
 Abstract of Greatness that dost thus disperse
Glory and *Triumph* thro' the *Universe*.
 Thy *Victory* no Rival *Hæctor* knows,
 For thou o'ercomes thy (f) *Friends* as well as *Foes*,
 Yielding to all for Sake of *Unity*,
 Thou mak'st at last th' *Opposers* (g) yeild to thee,
 Who never saw you, *Hearing* must adore
 Actions like these, ne'er heard of yet before;
 Nothing (h) like this e'er came from Mortal Hand,
 Nature must yield when God's themselves Command.

* All Acts of
 Parliaments are
 touch'd by the
 Commissioner.

When

- (a) Maxima res effecta, viri timor omnis abesto. *Virg. Æ. l. 11.*
 (b) Ardua res hæc est, opibus non tradere mores.
 (c) — Ille salutis. *Mart. lib. 11.*
 Est Author dux ille fuit sic prælia soli
 Felices nullo spectant Civilia Voto *Luc. l. 4.*
 (d) — Crescebat rabies moderaminaq; ipse nocebant. *Ov. M. l. 3.*
 (e) Regia crede mihi, res est succurrere lapsis
 Convenit & tanto, quantus es ipse viro. *Ov. de Pont. lib. 2.*
 Hoc tecum commune Deis.
 (f) Summa est Victoria amicos superare.
 (g) — Populos superamur ab uno. *Ovid. Met. l. 12.*
 — Non ullo sæcula dono.
 (h) Nostra carent majore Deum. *Lucan. l. 5.*

When *Winter's* past the *Teeming Earth* grows glad,
 And *Prides* itself like *Infants* newly clad;
 So *Love* this *Union* meets, its Joy to fill,
 Past Fears and Dangers spreading farther still.
 Two Realms (a) embrace our *Patriots* with *One Heart*,
 While *Heaven* and *Anna* fill up every Part.
 A Gift Twice Giv'n, first from the God's above,
 Then here, we shou'd return with double Love;
 But while we think on this, and wonder thus,
Fate shows itself still more *Miraculous*.
 Since *Anne* and *Marlbro'* gave our *Freedom Birth*,
 By (b) *Names* Entitled both to (c) *Heaven* and *Earth*;
 So *Britain's Genij* are return'd, who doubts of this
 May see them in this *Metempsychosis*,
 How they the Pow'rs of Nature all explore,
 To make a (d) *Calm* where there was none before.
 Well may we boast of this *Prerogative*,
 To have our *Saints* and *Angels* still alive:
 Our *Alpheus* have, who did so long remain
 Hid to the World, rise and appear again.
 Cite all the Nations of the Earth to show
 Their Guardian (e) Gods with them as we do now.
 O never for a happier Nation leave us,
 Since all we are, and do enjoy, you give us!

D

For

(a) Nominis ante mei venient Oblivia nobis
 Pectore quam Pietas, sit tua pulsa meo.

Ovid. de Pont. l. 2.

(b) Nulla tuis aberit titulis humana potestas.

Lucan. l. 5.

(c) — Quæ te jam læta tulerunt

Sæcula? Quæ tanti talem genuere Parentes?

Virg. Æn. l. 1.

(d) Pacis pignus habemus. *O. Met. lib. 8.*

Nec ignibus ullis aut gladiis opus est. *Id.*

(e) — Patriam tutore carentem

Excipit. *Luc. l. 9.*

For whom you've made a *New World* to dispenſe,
 Your ever Wife (a) *Protecting Providence*.
 Ne'er leave us till our growing *Palm* expands
 Above the daring reach of *Humane Hands*;
 Until you've made *United Britain* ſeem
 A very *Golden Brook* and *Silver Stream*;
 The very *Land of Happineſs*, from whence
 Proceeds ſuch wondrous *Pow'r* and *Excellence*;
 Heroes of Matchleſs *Dignity* and *Fame*,
 Such as we boaſt of in great * *Campbel's Name*;
 Whence Flow'rs of *Hiſtory* are only ſweet,
 As they thy *Glory* in their *Records* meet;
 Your *Fame*, like *Cadmus*, (b) *Teeth* ſprings in the *Field*,
 You only *Fight*, all that oppoſe you yeild.
 Like *Death* they view the *Hero's Face*, and *Croud*
 Under thy (c) *Triumph's Chariot* as a *Cloud*.
 Nor doſt thou leſs in *Policy* appear,
Conduſt and *Stratagem*, the *Life of War*;
 Princes like you as tow'ring *Mountains* ſhow,
 From whence ſweet *Springs* of *Noble Virtues* flow,
 That Crown your *Heads* with *Honour* here below.
 Thus a bright *Day* we armire, and when we've done,
 VVe centre all its *ſplendor* in the *Sun*.

The Duke of
Argile.

Let

-
- (a) Pendet in hac anima Populorum vita ſaluſque
 — O rerum ſelix tutela, ſaluſque. *Mart. l. 5. Ep. 1.*
- (b) Spargit humi juſſos mortalia ſemina dentes:
 Mox humeri, peſtus Onerataque brachia telis
 Exiſtunt: Creſcit ſeges. Clipeata virorum. *Ov. M. l. 3. f. 1.*
 — Sic Semine Cadmi
 Emicuit Direxa cohors. *Lucan. l. 4.*
- (c) — Quæcunque per ævum
 Exhibuit monumenta fides, ſervataq; ferro
 Militiz pietas, tranſibit noſtra Juventus. *Lucan. l. 4.*

Let *Xerxes* ride in his vast Armies Front,
 Dry Rivers up, and Stem the *Hellepont*,
 All this wont equal what we now enjoy,
 By healing *Union*, and soft *Liberty*.
Praise here must sink in *Merit* when we strive
 To keep an *Aet* so wond'rous great alive:
 Our *Patriots* Glory shines, but when that's done;
 VVe ought to yeild the (a) *Brightness* to the *Sun*;
 Ages to come will Praise their VVifdom more
 Than all the *Heroes* that have gone before,
 Since these (b) *Machaons* all Distempers cure,
 That the Two Nations did before endure.

Then let us Dedicate the Happy Day (c),
 That *Britons* do their Just Oblations pay,
 To *Union* first, to *Flora*, and to *May*.
 The (d) Triumph of our Joy from thence bears Date,
 VVhen *Thee* and *Anna's* Name we Celebrate;
 VVhen we cry *Triumph* with a *Jubilee*,
 VVe can't but we must cast our Eyes on *thee*;
 Those *Rays* that made this Day, and which were sent
 By kinder Heaven on the Parliament;
 VVhen we sing *lo Pæans* we must say,
 That it was *Providence* that led the *Way*.

To

-
- (a) ——— Annæ benefacta fatetur
 Esse suis Majora & vinci gaudet ab illa. *Ov. Met. l. 15.*
 (b) Utque Machaonis Præstantius artibus Heros
 Lenito Medicam vulnere sentit opem. *Ovid. de Pont.*
 (c) Britannis plus nunquam præstitit ulla dies.
 Hunc Aurora diem spectacula tanta ferentem.
 Quam premium croceis roscida portet equis
 ——— Ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat. *Virg. Georg.*
 Orbis, &c.
 (d) Quando magis dignos licuit spectare Triumphos?
 Quando Palatini plus meruere Dei? *Mart. l. 5*

To give to (a) *Anna* Praise, and to prefer
 This (b) *Day of Flora's* Sacred unto her.
 So *Joves Bird* doubles with his Two *San'd Sight*,
 And only *Day* appears by this *clear Light*;
 Our (c) *Phæbus* thus in his true Lustre seems,
 VVhen we behold him with these *shining Beams*;
 VVhen we our *Thanks* to our great *Patriots* pay,
 Shou'd we at any but this *Altar* pray?
 Derive our *Fate* from any other *Spring*,
 Than this blest *Royal Chrystal Stream*, the *Queen*?
 Our *Hearts* with *Joy* are overcome as tho'
 This great Effect of *Happinefs* was *Woe*.
 Her *Goodnefs* flows so high, that we who shou'd
 Live by't, are almost delug'd in the *Flood*;
 Our *Hearts* like (d) *Snow* are melted as they meet
 Her *Noon-Day* (e) *Beam*, and run to wash her *Feet*;
 Our *Arts*, *Arms*, *Muses*, all to her we owe,
 While *Heaven* itself does to her *Goodnefs* bow.
 Eternal Praise cannot be here *Prophane*,
 When we adore a *Godlike Sovereign*,
 Where (f) *Unity* and *Concord* only Claim,
 Their *Rights* and *Honours* from her *Bounteous Fame*.

(a) — Tibi sic sint vota quotannis. *Virg. Ecl. 5.*

(b) May-day, from whence the Union begins.

(c) The Queen. Ecce Parens verus Patriæ *Lucan.*

(d) Liquitur ut quondam Zephyris & solibus iētæ
 Solvuntur tenere, vere repente, nives. *Ovid. ad Liv.*

Liquitur ut glacies incerto faucia sole. *O. Met. l. 2.*

Calido non ocyus austro

Nix resoluta cadet, nec solem cera sequetur. *Lucan.*

(e) — Aliter non uritur —

(f) Jam te movet tantarum gloria rerum. *Virg. Æ.*

— Non est Mortale quod optas. *Ovid. Met.*